

MERRIMACK MAGAZINE

AND

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

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[No. 32.]

Miscellaneous Selections.

"Various, that the mind—studious of change
"And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd."

EUGENIA DE MIRANDE.

AN ANECDOTE.

[From a French Journal.]

CONCLUDED.

LATREMBLAYE came at the appointed time; the dinner was gay, and the conversation lively; every subject was introduced, except the one which had been the occasion of the dinner. Latremblaye thought Eugenia charming. She was well informed and had vivacity and wit. After dinner she introduced the affair of the unfortunate lady. Latremblaye heard her with attention, and promised to draw up the memorial in two days. He performed his promise, and succeeded perfectly well: energy, clearness, precision, nothing was wanting. Eugenia read it with marks of the warmest satisfaction.

"There is a strength, a sensibility, sir, in the style, which renders it impossible for the minister not to yield to your reasoning; and were I in the minister's place, you should certainly not experience a refusal."

Latremblaye blushed and knew not what to reply.

"Nor is this all, sir; we must give to your memorial a new degree of eloquence; it must be presented by the person herself who is supposed to have written it. The gesture, voice, and look of the person interested will add to the impression it ought to produce. Attempt to procure a *rendezvous*, in order that the lady may deliver it herself to the minister."

After a few week's exertions, Latremblaye came one evening to Eugenia with a triumphant air: "I have procured an interview for tomorrow; give your friend notice, and with this paper all doors will be open to her."

"What gratitude do I not owe you! You will have the satisfaction of having snatched this poor family from despair; but do not abandon her till you have conducted her to the door. A woman softened by grief, and timid, would appear to disadvantage unaccompanied.—Do you consent to go with her?"

This last act of complaisance cost Latremblaye much; yet the habit of yielding to the wishes of Eugenia, the desire of ensuring the success of the business, a curiosity to see the unknown, conquered the repugnance, and he promised to come the next day to Eugenia's where the mysterious lady was to be.

The next day, Eugenia, without being full dressed, was more carefully dressed than usual; her hair fell gracefully over her forehead and down her neck, her eyes sparkled, and her bosom heaved as Latremblaye entered. He looked round the room and said, "the lady is not yet come."

"No" replied Eugenia, with some emotion. "I will wait for her."

He took a seat near the tea-table at which Eugenia was sitting. A silence of some minutes ensued.—Each stole looks at the other.—Latremblaye blushed, and would have been put out of countenance if Eugenia had not blushed also.

Latremblaye at length said, but with some hesitation, "I ought, madam, to bless this circumstance (Eugenia cast her eyes upon the ground,) which has introduced me to your acquaintance."

"Whatever satisfaction you feel, sir, you must derive from a conviction.—The zeal you have shown—I assure you I have been—gratified and pleased with it."

A second silence ensued as long as the first. Latremblaye at length took a desperate resolution.

"I know not that I am doing right; but I cannot conceal what I feel—you know it as well as I do."

Eugenia could by a word have relieved his embarrassment; but in such circumstances the female bosom, however humane, never carries its humanity so far, and when arrived at that point, women force us to tell them what they already know: Eugenia had propriety enough to keep a just medium, between the offended air which could only have suited a prude, and that satisfied manner which ill accords with the modesty of her sex. The conversation changed; but it became animated, lively; relieved from a burthen, it proceeded with lightness, grace, and ease. Questions were asked and answered without hesitation: each communicated their pursuits, their modes of thinking and speaking upon different subjects, with such confidence that they did not perceive they had been waiting for the lady three quarters of an hour.

Latremblaye at length noticed her non-arrival.—"She is not come yet?"

"She will not come at all," replied Eugenia.

Latremblaye, in utter astonishment, looked at Eugenia, whose eyes only answered by an expression of langour, mixed with a smile, which produced together an inexpressible grace.

"Would you," said Eugenia, "be very, very angry with me, if by chance there should be no truth in the history of my unfortunate lady? if all this was but a proof, a means of pointing out to my heart, a man whose sensibility was not the effect of sensual desires?"

Latremblaye knew not what to answer.

"You will perhaps, believe me," continued Eugenia, "when I tell you that I have received the homage of several men: will you also believe me when I add, that none of those who distinguished me, was precisely such a one as I wished? The death of my mother, whom I lost early, has given a considerable degree of independence to my mind. My father is my friend, I consult him always; his manner of viewing things is liberal; he permitted me to make a trial, a bold one without doubt, but which, however, could go no further than I wished."

"I am not recovered from my surprize," said Latremblaye. "What! was it but a feint?"

It has cost you much, I am sure, for I recollect several circumstances in which you were interested."

"It is true; but I was supported by the intention of confessing every thing."

"And my memorial?"

"I will keep it," said Eugenia, "as a monument of the goodness of your heart, and the eloquence of your style!"

"And the author of the memorial, what will you make of him?"

"My husband," replied Eugenia, with downcast looks, "if he wishes it, and if our two families consent."

The two families, composed of good persons, easily consented, and the young couple were united at Paris a few weeks ago. As soon as they were united, they went to pay a visit to madame C****, to relieve her from her benevolent anxiety, and to make her an elegant present for the bundle which she had sent to the unfortunate lady.

EXTRAORDINARY WOMAN.

THE Paris papers recount prodigies of a woman in the neighbourhood of Lyons. The circumstances of her case have confounded the Philosophers, and left her no credit with men unaccustomed to scientific reasoning. Learning hesitates, because it wants principles to explain. Ignorance decides at once, because it knows not the variety of undiscovered principles which exist.

The case of this woman is, that of a confusion of all the senses—of seeing, smelling, hearing, touching and tasting. The quality of one sense seems transferred to another; there is a kind of organic confusion and substitution; the eyes do duty for the ears, the taste for the eyes, and the touch for the taste.

A very learned physician, a writer in the Journal de Sante, gives an account of having visited this woman at Lyons:

"To believe in apparent impossibilities (he says) is often the necessity of men of science; but it is their good fortune likewise to discover that the world contains many more miracles than is first imagined, and that nothing is impossible, as referred to the Omnipotence of the Deity, and that impossibilities are much rarer in the combinations of human life than the vanity of science will acknowledge."

"This woman, whom I visited, and to whom I presented several sorts of medicines, powders, simples, compounds, and many other substances, which I am convinced she never saw before, told me their several tastes, as nearly, and with as much precision, as taste could pronounce. She described them, indeed, with astonishing exactness, and frequently when my own palate was confounded."

"Her eyes were next bound with a thick bandage, and I drew from my pocket several sorts of silk ribbands. All these that differed in the original colours she immediately told me. It was in vain to attempt puzzling her; she passed the ribband merely through her hand, and

immediately decided on its particular colour. She could, in fact, discover the quality of any thing by touch or taste, as accurately as I could with my eyes.

"The organs of hearing were then closed as well as the contrivance of stuffing the ears would answer the purpose. I then commenced a conversation with a friend in the apartment, and spoke in an almost inaudible whisper. She repeated, with great power of memory, every word of the conversation. In short I came away a convert; in other words, I believed what I had seen. A Philosopher knows the fallibility of the senses; but he should know likewise, that science ought not to reject because it cannot have demonstration. We must admit miracles, and the power of miracles, or we must question almost all the appearances of nature. Ignorance doubts, what if it choose, it might easily understand; science endeavors to comprehend, and, when it cannot, it submits to the senses."

MEMOIR OF

MISS CAROLINE SYMMONS.

From the *Ecclesiastical Reviewer*.

THIS surprising young lady was the daughter of the Reverend Charles Symmons, D. D. In the bloom of corporeal and mental accomplishments, she was prematurely snatched away at the age of fourteen. Mr Wrangham, an English poet, associates the history of this uncommonly gifted young female, with that of Jarius' daughter. There was among other coincidences, which we may suppose, an equality of age and a similarity, no doubt, in the workings of parental grief and filial affection. A supernatural resurrection, like that of Jarius' daughter, was not to be expected. But he, who said, DAMSEL, ARISE! though he sees fit not to raise up departed worth at our solicitations and tears, will one day raise it up to himself.

We transcribe some of the ingenious productions of this prodigy of poetry; and transplant from their native, lovely bed, some blossoms of infant, female genius, which would not dishonor the brow of a veteran of Parnassus. The following it appears was written when she was but eleven years of age.

THE FLOWER GIRL'S CRY.

"Come buy my wood hare bells, my cowslips come buy!
O take my carnations, and jessamines sweet:
Lest their beauties should wither, their perfumes should die,
All snatch'd like myself from their native retreat.

"O ye who in pleasure and luxury live,
Whose bosoms would sink beneath half my sad woes!
Ah! deign to my cry a kind answer to give,
And shed a soft tear for the fate of poor *Rose*!

"Yet once were my days happy, sweet, and serene;
And once have I tasted the balm of repose:
But now on my cheek meagre famine is seen,
And anguish prevails in the bosom of *Rose*!

"Then buy my wood hare-bells my cowslips come buy!
O take my carnations, and jessamines sweet:
Lest their beauties should wither, their perfumes should die,
All snatch'd like myself from their native retreat."

We shall give another specimen, and take our leave of this "gentle spirit" with

her beautiful lines '*On a blighted Rose-Bud*,' which were to be, and perhaps have been, inscribed on her own tomb; an application probably little expected by her at the time of writing them!

ON A BLIGHTED ROSE-BUD.

"Scarce had thy velvet lips imbib'd the dew,
And nature hail'd the infant queen of *May*;
Scarce saw thy opening bloom the sun's broad ray,
And to the air thy tender fragrance threw:

"When the north-wind enamour'd of thee grew,
And by his cold rude kiss thy charms decay.
Now droops thine head, now fades thy blushing hue;
No more the queen of flowers, no longer gay.

"So blooms a maid, her guardian's health and joy,
Her mind array'd in innocence's vest;
When suddenly, impatient to destroy,
Death claps the virgin to his iron breast:
She fades—The parent, sister, friend deplore
The charms and budding virtues now no more."

The following little anecdotes deserve mention as evincing the force of her attachment to poetical pursuits. She declared there was no personal sacrifice of face or form, however prized by her sex, which she would not make, to have been the author of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. And one morning, when returning home from undergoing a very painful operation, by Ware the oculist; and when, in consequence, some apprehension was entertained of her loss of an eye, she declared, with a smile, that, to be a MILTON, she would consent to be deprived like him, of both eyes. Fervent as was her thirst for poetical excellence, we are happy to find that it did not impair her inclination for religious exercises. On this view of her character, Mr. W. throws a cheering light in the following paragraph:

"Not less remarkable than the beauties of her person, the elegance of her taste, the strength of her understanding, and the goodness of her heart, was her steadfast and humble piety. Through the whole of her illness, she was constant in her devotions; and, when the extreme weakness and emaciation occasioned by her malady, made the posture of kneeling (long painful) at length impracticable, she deeply regretted the circumstance, as disqualifying her for offering up her adorations in a suitable manner. With such a disposition, it will not be matter of surprise that her behavior, at all times exemplary, in the hours immediately preceding her dissolution should have been admirable. Not a single complaint fell from her lips. Even on the last morning of her earthly existence, when she had expressed to her maid a wish to die, instantly corrected herself, and said—"No, it is sinful to wish for death; I will not wish for it."

EXTREME SENSIBILITY is often not only painful to the possessor, but prejudicial to those whom we may wish to serve.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

WHEN LEE, the poet, was confined in Bedlam, a friend went to visit him, and finding that he could converse reasonably, or at least reasonably for a poet, imagined that Lee was cured of his madness. The poet offered to shew him Bedlam. They went over this melancholy medical prison, Lee moralizing philosophically enough to keep his companion perfectly at ease. At length they ascended the top of the building, and as they were both looking down from the perilous height, Lee seized his friend by the arm, "Let us immortalize ourselves!" he exclaimed; "let us take this leap. We'll jump down together this instant." "Any man could jump down," said his friend, coolly: "we should not immortalize ourselves by that leap; but let us go down, and try if we can jump up again." The madman, struck with the idea of a more astonishing leap, than that which he had himself proposed, yielded to this new impulse, and his friend rejoiced to see him run down stairs, full of a new project for securing immortality.

BIOGRAPHICAL CURIOSITY.

It is asserted that "the greatest characters the World has known, have arisen from an obscure origin." The following list in proof of this assertion might be greatly enlarged, and particularly by those who have been or now are eminent in the United States.

Demosthenes was the son of a forgerman—Virgil, of a Baker—Horace, of a freed man—Theophrastus, of an old-clothes-man—Rousseau the poet, of a shoe-maker—J. J. Rousseau was a watch-maker—Moliere was the son of a tapestry man—Rollin the historian, of a Cutler—Maffillon, of a tanner—James Cook, of a very indigent peasant—Shakespeare, of very poor parents—Benjamin Franklin, of a tallow-chandler, himself a printer—Rittenhouse was a goldsmith.

COWPER.

THE life of Cowper, as a picture of events, lies in a very narrow compass. He was born Nov. 26, 1731; was educated at Westminster school, which he left in 1749; was three years in the house of an attorney, and then twelve in chambers in the Inner Temple; whence, after two vain attempts to bring him into public life, in situations of parliamentary business, he retired into the country, first for the sake of recovery, then as a fixed residence, first at Huntingdon, then, at Olney, thirdly at the village of Weston, near Olney, and lastly in a melancholy removal, made necessary by the state of his health, but never completely successful in its object. He died on the 25th of April, 1800, aged 69.

HAPPINESS.

AN EASTERN TALE.

IN the famous city of Balsora dwelt Ibrahim Ebu Hassan. Fortune had poured her favours into his lap, and the wife of his bosom had blessed him with two youthful daughters: their welfare had taken possession of his thoughts: he rose with the sun to contrive their felicity, and the care of them interrupted his midnight repose. The report of their possessions had brought many suitors to his gate, and the beauty of the damsels had made them gaze with admiration, as the eagle at the orb of day. Giafar prostrated himself at the feet of Zulima: nature had cast his body in a perverse mould; his shoulders rose one above another, like the sides of the city of Mecca; and his understanding, for want of a proper exertion, seemed to have lost its lustre; it no longer retained its original splendor, but was dark as the holy stone of the temple; he obtained not, therefore, from the loathing fair one his earnest request, but she shunned the detested embraces as the sensitive plant shrinks from the touch: her father, however, earnestly wished for the alliance; he pressed her, or rather compelled her, to give him this son-in-law, and vainly imagined her happiness complete.—Fatima, the younger daughter, had been viewed by Hindad with looks of affection, and her eyes, when he approached her, sparkled with delight; for health made ruddy his cheeks: his limbs were supple as the young ash on the mountain, and he was nimble in the dance as the bounding antelope. He fed on the profits of his own industry; and walked, even in youth, with the wisdom of the aged. But here again the father controlled the will of one whom he delighted to bless, and forbade the alliance which he could not prevent. In the bosom of riches he centered felicity, nor dreamed she could smile upon an humble state. But know, my son, that we have within ourselves the means of calm enjoyment, and from the rectitude of our hearts must seek satisfaction. Our happiness will then be like the morning light, which increases till it comes to a perfect day; whilst the pleasures, that court only our outward senses, glitter in our eyes like a watery bow in the heavens, which hardly catches our attention ere it vanishes from our sight; or else is found, upon a nearer scrutiny, a collection of vapours, or a gloomy mist.—Giafar, now blessed to the utmost of his wishes, reclined in the silken pavilions of ease, till he found, by ungrateful experience, that a state of inactivity could no more pretend to be happiness, than the stagnant lake to equal the purity of the limpid stream. He then renounced the commandments of the prophet, and dissipated his wealth for the juice of the grape.

He ran into every extravagance, and perceived not, in the midst of intoxication, that Zulima and he were reduced to their last sequin.

Hindad, who was despised for not having, from a train of ancestors, the means of subsistence, now traded in the jewels of Golconda. He enjoyed with his Fatima the frugal meal, and reposed from the cares of the day on the breast of his love. Riches grow upon industry, as the acorn on the sturdy oak; and while Giafar's wealth melted as the hail-stones before the sun, Hindad's flowed into his lap, like the fertile Nile into the bosom of Egypt. He who had experienced the want, knew also the value of money; he relieved the distresses of the unfortunate pair, who had formerly excited his envy; convinced a mistaken father that wisdom is better than riches; and by instructing Giafar in that commerce, which in the pride of his life he had despised, he taught him the means of accumulating more than he formerly possessed; while adversity, which had hovered in a cloud over his head, now enlightened his understanding with discretion to use it.

PLEASURES OF INTELLECT.

I saw the eternal energy pervade
The boundless range of nature, with the sun
Pour life and radiance from his flaming path,
And on the lowliest floweret of the field
The kindly dew-drops shed. And then I felt
That he, who form'd this goodly frame of things,
Must needs be good, and with a Father's name,
I call'd on Him. SOUTHEY.

WHATEVER contributes to emancipate man from sensual captivity, to invigorate and ennoble his intellectual faculties, and to fit him to experience the most elevated satisfaction; demands his unqualified admiration, and by consequence impels him to effect its advancement and diffusion.—Inconsiderable and evanescent are gratifications of sense; incalculable and permanent are pleasures of intellect. Who prefers the tumultuous orgies of Bacchus to the tranquil amusements of Minerva? Or who would inhabit the melancholy realms of obscurity, while the purple light of Elysium diffuses enjoyment?

Though contemplation of nature in her most diminutive operations discovers to unprejudiced minds her great Original; still particular portions of her works seem peculiarly calculated to accomplish this important purpose. We listen delighted to a murmuring rill, but with what emotions do we hear the roaring of a mountain cataract! The exquisite workmanship, exhibited in the lesser compartments of creation, demonstrates the wisdom of their divine Architect; but what conceptions does the elevated language of Job communicate! *He stretcheth out the north over the empty place,*

and hangeth the earth upon nothing. The pillars of heaven tremble, and are astonished at his reproof. The interrogations of the Almighty heighten these emotions. Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding. Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened; or who laid the corner stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, HERE WE ARE?—Such considerations manifest the extreme imbecility of man. As of his own strength he is unable to perform the most inconsiderable undertaking, and as he is unceasingly presented with exuberant manifestations of supernatural agency; he is irresistibly induced to acknowledge an omnipotent Creator. Nor is it a cold assent of the understanding, extorted by incontrovertible evidence; it is the voluntary confession of a mind, conscious of its dependence, and grateful for its profusion of blessings.

But the number of those, who seem capacitated to experience these refined pleasures, is comparatively small. The affluent, the laborious, the inconsiderate, are otherwise employed. The contemplative son of melancholy is almost the exclusive character, that participates in perfection these intellectual delights. Glad to embrace all opportunities of alleviation, as well as to prevent the intrusion, of unpleasant reflections, he is uniformly habituated

*'To steal himself from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath his feet,
To soothe the throbbing passions into rest,
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.'*

He loves to wander by moon-light, and contemplate the variegated canopy of heaven, the splendence and beauty of which direct his mind to the Father of lights. His soul is absorbed in the infinite benevolence of God, who compensates by one species of gratification any deficiency of another. His 'mind's eye' beholds the spirits of his departed connections hovering around him, stimulating him to commendable actions, strengthening his virtuous resolutions, and promising participation of their incommunicable joys. These holy intimations banish tumultuous thoughts, while they diffuse over his soul the mild influences of resignation. In these moments of voluntary seclusion no intrusive solitudes embitter his existence.

*'Thus the men,
Whom nature's works can charm, with God him-
Hold converse; grow familiar day by day [self
With his conceptions; act upon his plan,
And form to his the relish of their souls.'*

A WANDERER.

(Haverhill Museum.)

Poetry.

THE MADAGASCAR MOTHER.

The following is not a European fiction; it is a real *Madagascar Song*, brought from that island by the Chevalier Pomi, a prose translation of which may be seen in vol. I, p. 551, of *Varieties of Literature*. [Literary Magazine.]

Why shrink'st thou, weak girl? why this coward despair?

Thy tears and thy struggles are vain:
Oppose me no more; of my curses beware!
Thy terrors and grief I disdain.

The mother was dragging her daughter away
To the white man, alas! to be sold. [betray
'O spare me!' she cried; 'sure thou would'st not
The child of thy bosom for gold?

The pledge of thy love, I first taught thee to know
A mother's affection and fears; [How
What crime has deserv'd thou should'st only be-
Dishonor, and bondage, and tears?

I tenderly soothe every sorrow and care;
To ease thee, unwearied I toil;
The fish of the stream by my wiles I ensnare;
The meads of their flowers despoil.

From the wintry blast I have shelter'd thy head,
Oft borne thee with zeal to the shade;
Thy slumbers have watch'd on the soft leafy bed,
The mosquito oft chas'd from the glade.

Who'll cherish thy age, when from thee I'm torn?
Gold ne'er buys affection like mine! [mourn,
Thou'lt bow to the earth, while despairing I
Not my sorrows or hardships, but thine.

Then tell me not; save me from anguish & shame!
No child thou hast, mother, but me!
Oh! do not too rashly abjure the dear claim;
My bosom most trembles for thee!"

[fold;
In vain she implor'd; wretched maid! she was
To the ship, chain'd and frantic, convey'd;
Her parent and country ne'er more to behold.
By a merciless mother betray'd.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

THE changeful moon has only three times waxed, and waned as often, since I made a journey of one hundred miles to the westward, to visit an only brother, whom I had not seen for seven years.—He and I were all the children of our parents; and his age exceeded mine but one year. We have sported away the juvenile years of life together, and mutually imbibed the most tender affection for each other, as brethren of the same family. Time and absence, which cure all passions but that of love, were so far from lessening this fraternal tenderness, that it was rather augmented thereby; so that our interview was very affectionate.

Poverty, which was the only patrimony, save a virtuous education, our father was able to bestow upon us, had induced my brother to court his fortune at a distance. By his industry and the smiles of providence, he had acquired a competent settlement, and was recently married to a virtuous woman. I found them healthful and happy; and after spending a fortnight of the

most exquisite pleasure and satisfaction in their company (for their soft souls were strung with the finest touches of sensibility,) I prepared to take my leave, and return. But this could not be effected without a tear. Our parting compliments drew floods from each of our eyes, and wrung each heart with grief.

This scene threw me into a train of melancholy reflections, and having no company on the way, I freely indulged them. I deeply ruminated on the sad condition of man. I contemplated, with emotions unutterable, his exposedness to misfortune, disappointments, and misery! How little good is found on earth, and how far that little is outweighed by wretchedness!—"Alas!" said I to myself—but here my mind was wrought up to such a pitch of sensibility, that I could not utter a word for some time. Recovering at length—"alas!" said I to myself again, and then proceeded—"How are we tossed about on this little spot of dust, this ant-hill here! The nearest and dearest connections must part, and live in distant climes; and even sometimes cruel death interposes! We must be deprived of the company of those we love, and, though it rend our heart-strings asunder, we must away!"

In this manner I indulged my thoughts; and such reflections, though painful, were agreeable. I was so profoundly engaged, that night came on before I was aware of it. Recollecting myself, and determining to ride no farther till the next day, I stopped at an inn to which I had by that time, insensibly arrived. I called for entertainment, and was very courteously received by the landlord, whose house bore evident marks of true refinement. There was something too, as I passed over the threshold, that seemed to whisper, that this was the happy abode of the goddess sensibility. This intimation, which, no doubt was darted into my mind by the divinity just mentioned, proved true, as by the sequel will fully appear.

Having given orders respecting my horse I was shewn into a room which, the landlord informed me, was previously occupied by a young gentleman who had spoken for lodging. I entered, and found him sitting in a chair by the fire, so wrapt up in meditation, that I advanced near him and took a seat without being perceived by him. I was a little surprised that he did not notice my entrance, and looking upon him with some earnestness (perhaps impudence) I observed tears trickle down his cheeks! This discovery soon led me to conclude that he was a son of misfortune; and that I might not wound his feelings, I softly retired to the kitchen, spoke for a supper, and walked out a few minutes, concluding he would rouse from his reverie before I returned, and not know that a stranger had discovered him in tears, which I imagined were his tears in solitude. I presently returned, re-entered the room, and he immediately perceived me. He arose and welcomed me to his company, not with the pompous parade of court compliments, but with the unaffected ceremonial of ancient simplicity.

That seriousness which had long been an inmate of my bosom, and the grief of that morning had heightened into a penitive gloom, rendered the company of such a person as I took him to be, doubly welcome. I was extremely anxious to hear his story, believing that it was fraught with incidents of wretchedness. I am greatly delighted with human misery, and a tale of woe excites in my mind the most pleasing sensations. Not that I would be thought a misanthropist, or as harbouring positive malignity against my fellow creatures; but this peculiar turn of mind arises from that delicious sensibility which is the blessed inheritance of a few kindred souls. The exercise of pity is so indispensably necessary to complete the happiness of this noble few, that if

there were no miserable beings in the universe, they would be perfectly so themselves.

But to return from this digression—Supper being now brought in, we both sat down to eat.
SYLVANDER.

Married,

In Portsmouth, Capt. JOSEPH SLATER, to Miss SARAH FROST.—ISAAC LYMAN, Esq. to Miss LUCRETIA PICKERING.

Died,

In India, Marquis CORNWALLIS, Governor General of Bengal, aged about 60.

In Russia, Count WORONZOW, the Russian Imperial Chancellor.

In Great Britain, WILLIAM PITT, aged 47; Chancellor of the Exchequer, First Lord of the Treasury, &c. &c.

In Boston, Mr. JOHN FLEET, Printer, aged 71.

In Salem, Mrs. ELIZABETH CROWNINSHIELD, wife of Capt. Clifford C. aged 20.

In Amesbury, Mrs. EADGER, widow, aged 59. In this town, on Sunday last, Mr. JONATHAN KNIGHT STICKNEY, æt. 20, son of Mr. Benjamin Stickney.

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